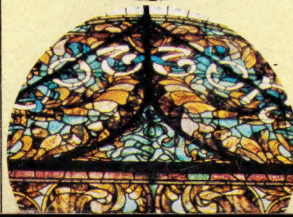
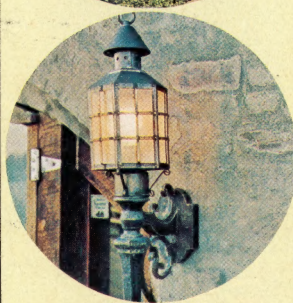


# FORD TIMES

NOVEMBER 1974





**1975 Ford LTD Landau:**  
**A logical alternative to**  
**longer, heavier, more**  
**expensive luxury cars.**

Compare the workmanship in LTD Landau as well as its size, comfort and luxury, to much more expensive luxury cars. The main thing you don't get is hundreds of pounds of extra weight and almost a foot of extra length.

Yet you have the security of a solid, full-size, well-made automobile.

Special Landau features and appointments make this a very

distinctive automobile. Compare them with more expensive cars: ■ 351 CID V-8 ■ Power steering ■ SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission ■ Power front disc brakes ■ Hidden headlamps for distinctive styling ■ Color-keyed vinyl bodyside moldings ■ Front cornering lamps ■ Lush knit cloth and vinyl interior trim ■ Vinyl roof ■ Electric trunk lid release.

LTD Landau, a sensible, luxurious standard-size car. Look close and compare.



LTD Landau 4-Door Pillared Hardtop shown with optional Landau Luxury Group and fender skirts.





# FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

November, 1974, Vol. 67, No. 11

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WHY WOULD A MAN leave an upholstered armchair to squat for 11 hours in muddy water sloshing about the bottom of a bobbing rubber raft?

Because there is something that compels him to do things the hard way, as long as it can be called "adventure."

And so in the name of adventure I left the comfortable Chisos Mountain Lodge in the center of the 1,100 square miles of Big Bend National Park in Texas and drove 45 miles through predawn darkness to the trading post of Lajitas on the left bank of the Rio Grande. There I helped the boating guide, Glenn Pepper of nearby Terlingua, launch five inflated rubber rafts to carry a

party of 14 through Santa Elena Canyon, the most dangerous of the gorges carved by the big river in its 1,770-mile course from the Colorado Rockies to the Gulf of Mexico.

Lajitas is at a ford between Texas and Mexico. It is on the Comanche Trail, which was used by Plains Indians in the 19th century for their annual raids on the luckless haciendas across the border. Glen studied the rocks across the ford to check the water level; once the rocks disappear under water, rafting the canyon is too dangerous even for experts. On the desert lowlands at Lajitas,

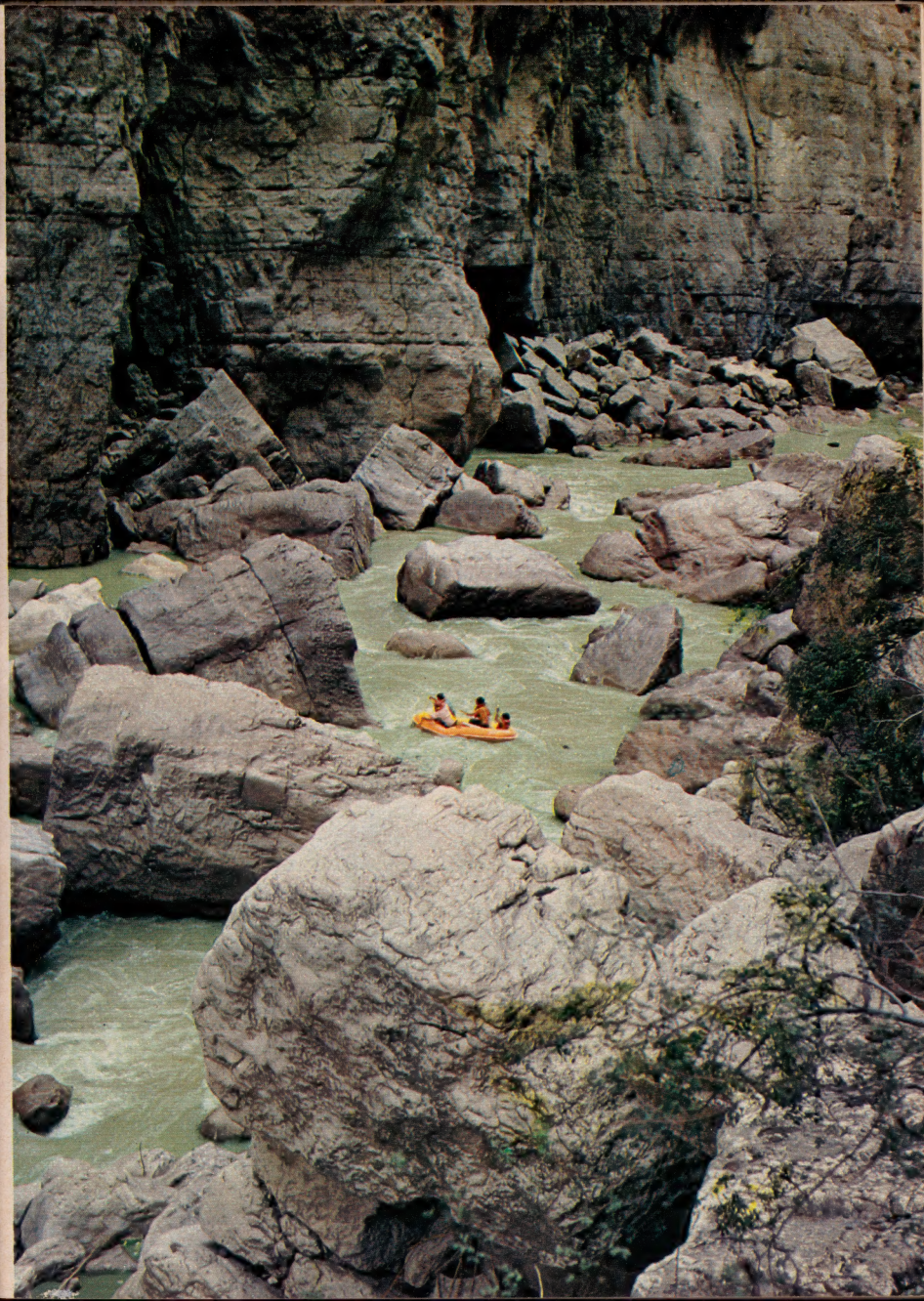
# Shooting Santa Elena Canyon

***There's  
no road back  
once you launch a rubber raft  
on this raging white water run***

***by Bern Keating***

***photos by Dan Guravich***







a river in spate can spread across a wide bottom and cause little trouble. But once the floodwaters hit the narrow canyon walls 10 miles downstream, they are squeezed into a torrent. The rocks were only half-submerged at Lajitas Ford.

"Let's chance the run," Glen said. On his words, some of us began to inflate the rafts while others checked out the safety equipment, extra paddles, pump and patching kit. When this was completed we put on the U. S. Coast Guard-approved life jackets that are required to be worn on all river runs.

Those first 10 miles passed uneventfully, except for an outbreak of blistered palms brought on by hard paddling, for in the lowlands, progress by drifting on the sluggish current is slow. Birds of a dozen kinds from among the 387 species native to Big Bend country twittered through the flowering plumes of carrizo cane thickets. A road runner made a rare skimming flight through the brush. The clay banks showed tracks of beaver, javelina, deer and coyote. Half-wild horses streaked away to hide in the thickets.

Occasionally we passed a Mexican gathering watermelons from patches planted haphazardly on the banks and left to mature without cultivation.

As the escarpment of white limestone and red igneous rock that forms the canyon loomed closer, the

river began to feel the squeeze ahead. The first mile inside the canyon drops at a shockingly steep grade, and so the current upstream speeds up in response to that enormous pull of gravity. The river loops like a tortured snake.

When we rounded the last curve before entering the canyon, the current slammed our raft against the escarpment wall. Rocks at the bottom of shallow rapids cracked against kneecaps and shinbones through the fabric raft bottom. We had to fight hard to get back to the Texas side and climb out on a gravel flat to rest before shooting that first steep mile.

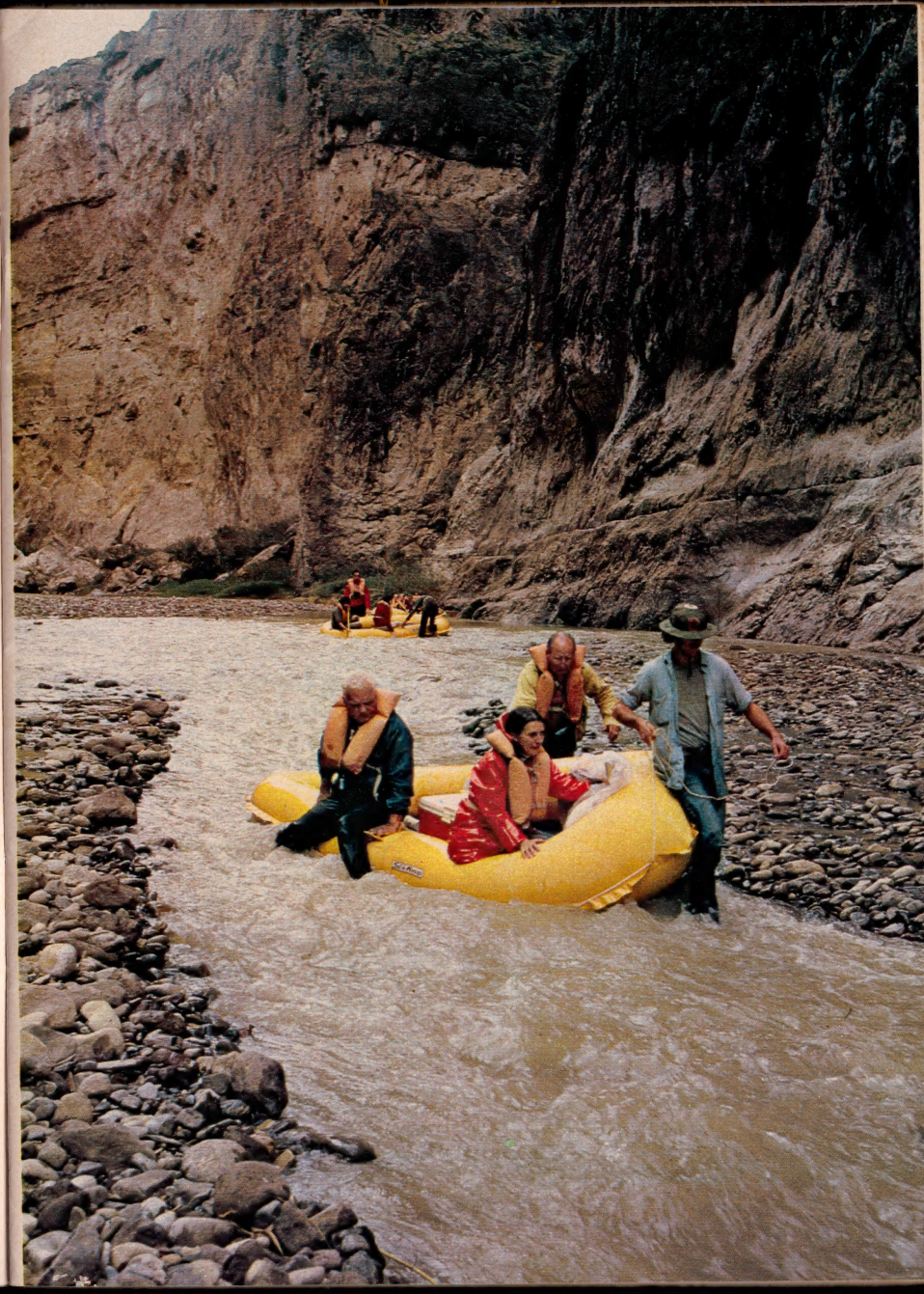
Walls of the canyon rise a sheer 1,500 feet, often only 30 feet apart and in some places actually overhanging the water, so that the entrance looks like a gigantic vertical crack in a solid rock wall. A standing Empire State Building could be hidden in the canyon—except that the slot is only about as wide as the building's entrance hall.

Clinging to the canyon wall, an occasional fern or resurrection plant gave a green grace note. Hawks wheeled in the narrow space and cliff swallows filled the air with darting flights and thin peepings.

Overriding the lesser noises is the ominous rushing of water. That roaring current hurls tons of gravel and sand against the canyon walls to undercut them like a giant power

*Gravel flats provide needed rest stop*









*Life jackets are a requirement for running the river*

saw. The rock face on the outer side of every bend bulges over the water, threatening to knock the unwary crew out of any raft swept under the overhang. Staying out of the clutches of the overhang meant lots of muscle on the paddles while we rounded the curves.

Nervous about white water foaming over rocks ahead, my photographer, Dan Guravich, locked his gear in a watertight lunch box lashed to the raft by a boat painter. After dashing down only a few hundred yards of that wild first mile, we hit a boulder broadside, throwing Dan into the water. He is a powerful swimmer and fought his way to a gravel bank on the Mexican shore where we rescued him and returned his cameras dry and intact.

Photographers in a following raft were not so foresighted. When their raft capsized, they lost hundreds of dollars in equipment as they were

swept a quarter-mile downstream to the gravel bar. We tried to build a fire to dry out but learned with sorrow that it is wise to keep a reserve of matches with the cameras in a watertight box. So we shivered ourselves dry while a Mexican magazine editor in our party made a grandiloquent speech of welcome to his country, not neglecting to gig us as wetbacks in reverse.

Ahead the river seemed to disappear in a jumble of boulders, each as big as a ranch-style bungalow. Rangers had warned of that formidable Rock Slide, 250 feet high and a quarter-mile long. In 1901 the first surveyor to transit the canyon marking the international boundary lost three days portaging his gear over the Rock Slide. Since then several lives and hundreds of pounds of gear have been lost in those rushing waters.

Our guides climbed to an over-



view to scout the route. They abandoned plans to run the rapids, for the river was high and had pushed rocks across channels that had been open only a week before.

Laboriously, we portaged by climbing the Rock Slide on a boulder-strewn trace flush against the face of the cliff. Millions of years ago, that area had been a sea and the stones bore complex fossil patterns of long vanished sea plants and bottom creatures. For two hours we lugged ourselves and our gear across that pile and the sun was ominously low when we shoved off for the final six miles of the trip.

We had run the worst of the rapids and paddled mechanically while we soaked in the stunning beauty of the soaring limestone walls, purple in the shadows and on the highlights slowly shifting from orange to salmon to scarlet as the sun descended. And then pitch darkness with the river still rushing us around bends and bumping us against unseen boulders.

"You're setting a record," Glen said. "I think this is the first party that has ever had to navigate the canyon by braille."

The canyon walls abruptly ended. After the gloom of the gorge, even the feeble stars of the open sky seemed to floodlight the scene. On the Texas bank a kerosene lantern glimmered. Eleven hours after putting our rafts in the river at Lajitas, we waded ashore at the mouth of Terlingua Creek.

Would I recommend the trip? Yes. But only if you are reasonably hardy and willing to be soaked for hours and to paddle till your shoulders feel broken.

And you should take a few precautions:

Don't attempt the trip in anything but a rubber raft. Get a permit from the Big Bend rangers, who won't let you venture on the river during dangerously high water. Hire a professional guide. And if you bring expensive cameras along, keep them in a watertight box.

Be prepared to camp overnight. Once you enter the canyon mouth you are committed to the trip. Even a helicopter could not pluck you out of that narrow gorge. Anyhow, an overnight stop at the Rock Slide would give more daylight hours to explore beauties downstream.

And they are beauties unsurpassed anywhere.

Near the end of the trip — for those entering Santa Elena from the Mexican shore — lies Fern Canyon. A few steps up that gorge, dragon flies skim across limpid spring-fed ponds. Butterflies flutter through the emerald foliage. Birds chirp. And yet the silence is more soporific to bodies battered by the cacaphony of cities than a sleeping pill.

All the aching hours of paddling and drenching are an insignificant price to pay for a healing nap atop a flat rock in the blessed peace of Fern Canyon on the Big Bend of the Rio Grande. □



# The Traveling Dunes of Cape Henlopen





by Mary-Carter Roberts

paintings by





SOME OF THE MOST accomplished travelers of my acquaintance are the sand dunes of Cape Henlopen, Delaware. In recent decades they have been included in a state park, but this has not changed their habits. They continue to wander around on their shore just as they have for thousands of years. They go at the rate and in the direction that please them, and they acquire souvenirs as they proceed. Well, what do *you* like to do when you travel?

They are personalities. When I am among them, I am aware of them as beings. Long-bodied and golden, always silent, they take on for me the nature of the Sphinx.

I was lying one day in a sort of niche I had scraped out on the side of one, and I saw this particular sphinx devour something. There was a piece of driftwood on the beach at the foot of the slope. It was about eight inches long. And, while I watched, the dune took that object into itself.

I could see no trickling sand or any movement. There was no wind. The dune just closed a golden paw around that bit of wood. To see it happen was an experience. For the dune, though, it was nothing. A whim.

In their peregrinations about the Cape they have taken many strange possessions. Human beings, for various reasons at various times, have come and dug in their shimmering sides and have been astonished at

what they have found. One such enthusiastic digger told me that on a hot day in the middle of June he uncovered a bank of snow.

Fresh-looking and clean it was, he said. And only a short distance away was a clump of pines, still green. Figure it out, he invited me, but I found that I would rather not. The story pleased me as he told it.

And, as I did not figure, so have I never dug. It has been only by some dune-sphinx's personal dispensation that I have occasionally been permitted to enjoy some memorable finds myself.

### Sand sculpture

There was a stone that came into my fingers once, as I was resting on a sphinx shoulder. I thought, when I first looked at this thing, that it had been carved by some member of my own species. But that was not so. It was the dune's work.

It was rectangular in shape, of a size that would fit the palm of my hand and perhaps half an inch thick. All its edges and corners were rounded. Its color was a light brown with a faint cast of blue. And on one of its faces was what appeared to be the carving of a tulip with its stem and two leaves. Perfectly proportioned, endowed with grace, the lines of the design colored a darker brown. A lovely thing to find in one's hand, put there silently and invisibly, but decisively. I accepted it with gratitude.

Many people have seen the forests



that the dunes have enwrapped and then, after decades, uncovered again—stands of dead trees with branches scoured and refined by their sand burial to shapes of desperate significance. There are also the lovely curving lines of old ships, timbers buried but great spikes jaggling up, still vital, somehow furious. I once found a life raft there. I was told



that it might have come from an enemy ship that was torpedoed during the last war.

Some dune troves, however, are quite beyond explanation. No one can come on a reason for them. A gentleman whom I know made such a find several years ago, and he still regards it as mystifying.

He was roaming about among the sphinxes with a charming feminine friend who was an English setter. He presently saw her tearing at a spot on a slope and was startled by the intensity of her action. "She wasn't just digging," was the way he put it. "She was excavating. You never saw such a determined look." He added that she called to him and, when he came to her side, continued to bark excitedly. About two feet down she uncovered a suitcase.

It was lying on its side and had all its clasps fastened. It looked as if it had been buried a long time. He lifted it and found it heavy. What could it contain?

Not gold ingots and huge pearls. Not doubloons and pieces of eight. Not any such traditional treasure in so modern a receptacle. But something—something someone had hidden away in a very curious manner. "For, you see, it had to have been carried there," he said. "There was no other way it could have gotten to that place."

He opened it. What he found carried on the unreason. The case was full—tightly full—of men's clothes. Slacks, shirts, underwear, pajamas, all excellent in quality, none ever worn. "Figure it out," he finished, using the formula.

How could anyone do that? Why? Whose feet made the long trudge over the sandy slopes, whose muscles bore the weight? Those were the questions. Nothing enters the mind in answer except a mass of incon-







gruities too numerous to mention. One can understand the interment of pirates' plunder. One does not have to be a pirate to achieve that. But what is there to understand about this modern burial?

The people who know the dunes best are the Coast Guardsmen. They have them in their keeping, insofar as human power extends. And the best dune story I have ever heard was told me by one of their number. He was an old man and retired. His memory went back to the time of the foot patrol.

In that duty a guardsman would walk along the beach from his station halfway to the next, where a man from the next, doing the same job but in reverse direction, would meet him. They would then check together and return to their bases. It was usually a 10-mile walk.

### **Mysterious room**

My friend in his story recalled a freezing cold and stormy winter night. He had reached the middle point of his patrol, but the other guardsman was not yet there. "That wind," he said, "was so bitter I went up between the sand dunes to get shelter while I waited. Well, I got shelter. I found a little room." That was what he always called the place when he told the story—"a little room."

What he had discovered, he would

then explain, was a cave in a dune's base, but, as caves go, it was strange. Its floor, sides and even its ceiling were perfectly hard-packed and smooth. And its shape was just about square. One could see why he called it a room.

"I had never seen anything like it," he would say, "but it was too cold for a man to question. The only thought I had was—here it is. I felt like it was for me."

Presently he saw his partner's lantern on the beach, went down himself and told of his discovery. The two of them then walked up to the room, entered, looked and congratulated one another on having so snug a shelter. "It rejoiced us," he would say.

Then he would add that later he was surely glad that somebody besides himself had been inside the room, for otherwise he might have been suspected of being eccentric. Because the room was never there again. "We looked and looked for it," he would say. "We had fixed its location. We knew exactly where it had been. But when we returned the next evening on patrol there was nothing there but the old dune slope with the dune grass growing on it. My little room had disappeared."

I think there is a good deal in this story, but, as I said, I do not figure on these things. Some questions are better referred to the Sphinx. □

*Constantly shifting sand dunes cover and uncover natural treasures sought by beachcombers*





## The Car That Benefits From A Closer Look

by Hal Watts

LTD Brougham Four-Door Pillared  
Hardtop; above: interior of two-  
door model offers split bench  
seats upholstered in tan  
DuraWeave vinyl





**T**HE 1975 FORD LTD line features new, luxurious standard-sized cars: the Ford LTD Landau, designed to replace larger, heavier, more expensive luxury cars; the Ford LTD, offering traditional LTD quality at a value price; and the LTD Brougham, offering an even higher level of luxury than the Ford LTD.

The entries live up to the Ford reputation of solid construction—a reputation that supports the theme, “The closer you look, the better we look.” They are quiet-riding, well-made automobiles with a level of comfort, convenience and luxury that normally would be associated with more expensive cars.

The top-of-the-line LTD Landau is a distinctive new kind of Ford with fine-car features. It provides nearly all the things an owner would want from a traditional luxury car at a sticker price that’s substantially less.

For example, the new Landau sports hidden headlamps, vinyl roof, color-keyed vinyl bodyside moldings, front cornering lamps,

## **Ford's New Standard-Sized Cars: LTD Landau, LTD Brougham and LTD**

electric trunk lid release, lush knit cloth and vinyl trim, flight bench seat with center armrest, padded door panels and automatic parking brake release.

With a tradition of quality, comfort and quiet ride, the Ford LTD is the lowest-priced car in the line, but brings with it an impressive list of standard equipment and features. For basic value, operating economy and luxury details, all three cars include as standard a 351 2V V-8 engine with solid-state ignition, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, power ventilation, steel-belted radial-ply tires and distinctive center-pillar window.

LTD Brougham two- and four-door models offer an even higher level of luxury than the new LTD. In addition to the standard equipment listed for LTD, notable standard features on this year's Brougham include vinyl roof, dual accent paint stripes, wheel covers, electric clock, front door courtesy lights and rear door courtesy light switches.

The entire 1975 LTD line provides even more benefits. The trunk has been enlarged by two cubic feet to a spacious 21.9 cubic



feet; it retains the popular deep-well design that makes space highly usable. The decklid has been redesigned to reduce lift-over height by four inches for more convenient loading and unloading.

The base fuel tank on all hardtops has been increased to over 24 gallons and there's a new optional extended range fuel tank which increases total capacity to more than 32 gallons on hardtops and almost 30 gallons on wagons. This option consists of an auxiliary chamber in the left quarter panel which fills simultaneously with the main tank, then replenishes the main chamber as its initial supply is consumed. Gas mileage varies according to type of driving, driving habits, maintenance, road and weather conditions, and how a car is equipped, but at 15 miles per gallon, for example, a 1975 Ford LTD hardtop will be able to cruise approximately 480 miles between fill-ups with the optional auxiliary tank.

Another popular option with drivers who travel expressways and interstates is Fingertip Speed Control. For 1975 there are a couple of important changes: the option now includes a handsome new luxury steering wheel and is available with all engines.





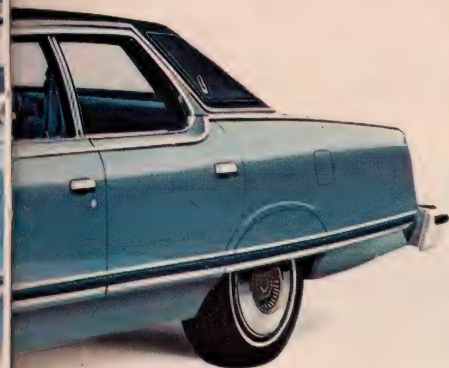
Many Ford owners order all-vinyl seats because they want the cleanability and durability of that material. Now Ford has developed an exclusive fabric—DuraWeave—which blends the best characteristics of cloth and vinyl. DuraWeave looks, feels and “breathes” like cloth. For 1975, DuraWeave is available as an option on the LTD Brougham series, as well as on station wagons. Color choices include tan, dark red, blue and green.

For those who fancy cloth trim, there’s a broad choice in 1975: brocade on the LTD series, plush knits in the LTD Brougham and new LTD Landau series, and in the top-of-the line Landau Luxury Group there’s a 100 percent nylon luxury knit fabric which has the look and feel of cashmere. On the LTD Country Squire, the Landau Luxury Group has super-soft vinyl instead of knit cloth.

Other new options include a quartz crystal digital clock that adds a smart contemporary touch to the handsome instrument panel, fender skirts for the LTD Landau models and new color-keyed wheel covers for all models.

For the driver who desires to improve his car’s fuel economy,

LTD Landau Four-Door Pillared  
Hardtop with elegant Luxury Group  
interior featuring 100 percent  
nylon knit fabric with the  
look and feel of cashmere



Ford's Fuel Sentry vacuum gauge is now available as an option. Mounted to the right of the speedometer, the gauge indicates whether fuel economy is poor, good or excellent. If a driver follows certain tips—such as maintaining light accelerator pressure and avoiding quick starts—he will see the result on the gauge.

Also loaded with comfort and luxury items, the 1975 LTD station wagons offer a quiet ride and spaciousness—for families and cargo.

The LTD Wagon and LTD Country Squire provide room for up to eight passengers (with optional dual facing rear seats). With the rear seats folded down, there's 94.6 cubic feet of cargo space. A lockable underfloor storage compartment adds 9.1 cubic feet of space (5.4 with dual facing rear seats).

Ford's famous three-way Magic Doorgate and power tailgate window are standard on both wagon models. Other standard features include a 400 2V V-8 engine, spare tire extractor and Select-Shift Cruise-O-Matic transmission.

The most outstanding features of the wagons could be their exceptionally quiet ride and outstanding handling. The quietness inside is enhanced by a wide variety of interior options including split bench seats with LTD Brougham styling and equipment levels, and exclusive DuraWeave vinyl.

The Fords pictured on pages 14-18 have one or more of the following options: Landau Luxury Group, white sidewall tires, color-keyed wheel covers, Deluxe Bumper Group, deluxe wheel covers, front cornering lamps, power side windows, Fingertip Speed Control, AM/FM Stereo Radio, SelectAire Conditioning with Automatic Temperature Control, split bench seats, DuraWeave vinyl trim and Convenience Group. ☐

LTD Two-Door Pillared Hardtop







# Por Favor, May I Borrow A Cup Of Azucar?

by Bea Bragg

illustrations by Max Altekruze

EVERYONE WHO HAS ever suffered through French, German or Whatever I and II knows it's easier to learn a foreign language if you

live where it is spoken daily. That's why I revived an old dream of becoming proficient in another language when we moved to El

Paso, Texas, just across the Rio Grande from Juarez, Mexico. Every clerk, every bank teller and every housewife in this area knows at least a little Spanish. Truly a living language laboratory.

You can bet your *botas* that El Paso is a language laboratory all right, but not the kind that would help you order your *huevos* over easy in Mexico City or Guadalajara. Citizens of El Paso and Juarez speak with forked tongue, a bit of English, a bit of Spanish, all in the same sentence. Example: "Good morning, *cómo está?*" Or, "*Buenos días*. How are you?"

At first I did not realize that this switching from one language to another was anything more than linguistic whimsy, so in all innocence I dove into Ten Easy Lessons in Conversational Spanish, 201 Fully Conjugated Spanish Verbs and a thick Spanish-English dictionary.

I learned that Spanish nouns of masculine gender end in o, feminine ones in a. I learned the words for please, *por favor*; thanks, *gracias*; friend, *amigo*, *amiga*; school, *escuela*, and could count to four: *uno*, *dos*, *tres*, *cuatro*.

Now I was ready to leave my books behind and go out into the city to eavesdrop, a practice highly recommended by foreign language teachers.

My first opportunity came at the post office as I stood in line for a book of stamps. Ahead of me a

young man was speaking rapid Spanish with the postal clerk. I was enormously pleased with myself when I recognized the words *cuatro*, *gracias*, and *money order*. Money order? I must have misunderstood, although the transaction taking place was for just that—a money order.

Perhaps no such word exists in Spanish? Perhaps they don't have





money orders in Mexico?

Undaunted, I continued eavesdropping at every opportunity. One day I overheard a youngster tell her mother, "Mi amiga broke her arm."

"Quien?" the mother replied. "Your amiga at the escuela?"

Later, a salesman inquired when my *esposo* would be at home. A neighbor commented on my *bonita* dress and in the next breath asked

if I had been gaining *gordo* lately.

Finally resigning myself to the fact that El Pasoans were just a bunch of language borrowers, I vowed my next eavesdropping would take place across the border in Juarez. Surely there I would hear nothing but pure Spanish, none of this back-and-forth stuff.

My first stop was a furniture store where I inquired (in Spanish, of course) about mattresses. Much to my satisfaction, the clerk launched into a sales pitch, some of which I understood. I understood two terms very well, *queen size* and *king size*. Translated?

Queen size and king size.

Only slightly discouraged and gripping my dictionary, I then went to a general store where I thought to obtain a little visual reinforcement for Spanish household terms. *Vestidos*, the sign said. Dresses. Check. *Media*, hose. Check. *Panti-media*? *Los hot pants*?

In that baffling and frustrating day I learned a lot of words I could not find in my not-so-trusty dictionary. Mop, *mopadero*. It's a cinch, *de cincho* (day seen-cho). Brakes, *brecas* (brake-ahs). Cake, *quequi* (kay-key). *Bunche*, as in a bunchay of grapes.

Finally, my worst fears were realized when I passed by the Juarez post office. Inside, a sign announced that *giros postales* could be purchased there. Remembering my first eavesdropping trip back in El Paso, I thumbed through my



dictionary and found what I was afraid I would find: *giro postal*, money order.

As I left Juarez and approached the customs check at the border, I noticed a large waste container on which was printed a warning to those carrying marijuana into the United States to dump it there or risk imprisonment. I was tempted to donate my dictionary, even though marijuana is an authentic Spanish word, but decided to wait until the sign read *El Pot*.

Since that and subsequent trips to Juarez, where, incidentally, I still impose my halting Spanish, I have learned a new word, *pocho*, also not in my dictionary. This is a derisive term given by Mexicans to those of their countrymen who have so anglicized their Spanish they can be understood only by other *pochos*. The word connotes traitor to one's heritage, one who has been too much influenced by *el gringo*.

My Spanish dictionary, however, says *pocho* means faded. Could it

be that the nondictionary term is from our German-derived word, poach, meaning to trespass? If so, *pochos* are on both sides of the border, for both Spanish and English speakers trespass on each other's language every day.

Like my neighbor, a pleasant, friendly soul who borrows words as much as she borrows a couple of eggs. She called on me just the other morning.

"Hello, *querida*," she said as I opened the door. "*Cómo está? Bien*, I hope."

"*Sí*, I'm just fine, *gracias*," I answered. "Come in, *por favor*, and I'll give you a cup of coffee."

"No, thanks. I just dropped by to borrow a cup of *azúcar*. Think I'll bake a *quequi* for my *esposo* although he's gaining too much *gordo* lately."

I gave her the cup of sugar and thought, as she left, what a comforting, cheery custom it is to borrow. How neighborly.

*N'est-ce pas?*



## Who Sends You Ford Times?

THE NAME OF the dealer who makes your FORD TIMES possible is featured on the back cover of every issue.

Sending you FORD TIMES each month is his way of contributing to your reading and travel pleasure. If you enjoy the magazine, we hope you will let him know.

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# The Olympia's Last Hurrah

This dowager ship, a heroine of naval battle,  
is afloat in Philadelphia

by Robert C. Cecil

paintings by Ben Eisenstat

**L**ONG AFTER SUPERANNUATION DOOMS other ships to the wreckers, luck and circumstance have grudgingly spared the Olympia.

At Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, her battle flags led America's Asiatic Squadron through early overcast against a Spanish fleet drawn up in a defensive line near the old Cavite arsenal. The Olympia was then by all accounts an immaculate, potent cruiser of the latest style and fittings, well-constructed of Carnegie steel at the Union Iron works in San Francisco just five years before and much admired by authorities in London, Berlin, and Tokyo for her 21-knot speed and powerful armament.

Equally noteworthy on this muggy tropical morning, a feisty



Commodore George Dewey, bearing his 61 years with impressive authority accented by a luxuriant white mustachio, paced the Olympia's bridge and sipped cold tea, all the while consumed by desire for a final blistering engagement to match his youthful service under Admiral Farragut at New Orleans. Soon he would climax his twilight career with a terse statement to the ship's captain: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

That was 76 years ago. Today, on the Philadelphia waterfront,





the parade has ended and the Olympia is little more than an eccentric Victorian backdrop for the trucks that rumble along Delaware Avenue and the freighters that ride the tides.

Survivorship has exacted a whole catalog of pathologies. The Olympia's once resilient planked decks have been concreted over; underneath, the wood has turned to mush. Carcinogenic rust mars the hull. The buff paint allegedly protecting its twin stacks and superstructure ulcerates through every weather and the wheel

house appears a shambles. It earns a modest keep as a modest museum displaying turn-of-the-century naval artifacts, many of them retrieved from the cellars and attics of generous sentimental donors living in places such as Reading and Salt Lake City.

More humiliating than shabby penury, though, have been its off and on court appearances, mostly as deadbeat litigant on renovations projects, but also including a novelty company's \$29,000 invoice several years ago for melting down the twin propellers into thousands of souvenir medals. Fund drives are started from time to time. These summonses once prompted a weary local columnist to declare that "Saving the Olympia has become a continuing Philadelphia occupation, like eating soft pretzels . . ."

Still, the old ship *is* a proclaimed national shrine and not without nostalgic overtone or instructional purpose. Backlighting by early morning sun, the Olympia's period flavor shimmers in deep perspective from the streets that tumble down to the Delaware. Plump ventilators pack its deck, and swelling sponsons add bustles to an already commodious beam, incarnating once again Lillian Russell traditions of beauty in amplitude.

Its turrets rise round and high as a children's carrousel and as benignly, for their guns are fictitious, being no more than cleverly turned pipe. The real ones disappeared long ago at the Navy Yard downriver and had to be replaced—along with the secondary batteries—by the Cruiser Olympia Association, civilian guardian of the flagship for nearly two decades now.

Once aboard, visitors may inspect the admiral's cabin with its brass poster bed and imposing ship's safe, the one that secured Dewey's cabled instructions from Washington: "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

Soon Dewey had his carpenters working to remove a bulkhead obstructing the five-inch gun. When the job was finished his hat was also missing, and so the fleet commander donned a jaunty golfing cap for his day with Spain, possibly setting a precedent for successors who would favor baseball headgear.

On the bridge, Dewey's diminutive footprints (he was five feet, seven inches) are commemorated in metal outline to show where he stood during the battle. Less well known is the fact that after sipping cold tea he drank hot coffee, whereupon, to his great em-

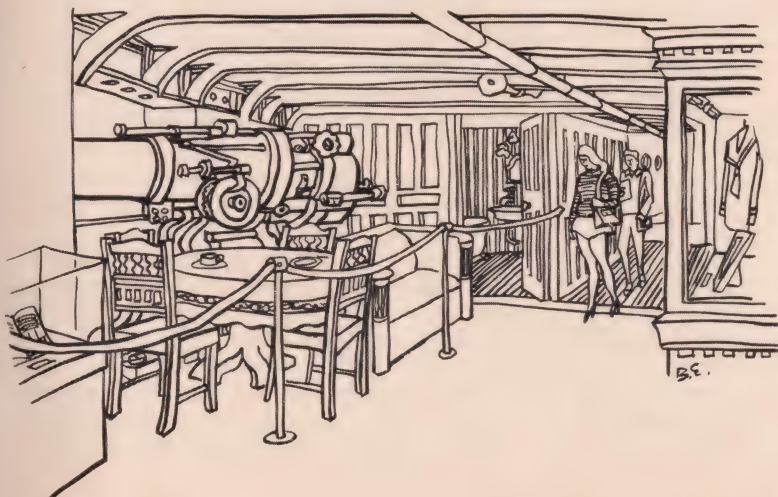


barrassment, a reaction apparently set in and he lost everything over the side.

Seasickness wasn't uncommon in America's "new Navy," even among veterans. Then, when seas ran heavy, men off watch seeking relief would feebly hoist themselves into their swaying hammocks, lashed directly over the mess tables. Their common quarters and the mean cubicles assigned to the supposedly privileged officers have been faithfully reconstructed. So has the book-lined wardroom where Dewey assembled his staff for an ammunition count and briefing during the battle, and the engine room with its coal-fired boilers where an 18,000-horsepower head of steam could be built up—greater than that of the entire enemy fleet, but only a fraction of a modern guided missile cruiser's horsepower.

Faring less well are the barbershop, the sick bay and the galley with its giant copper cooking kettles. Wooden display cases bulge with engravings, photographs, medals, flags, uniforms, swords, pistols, patriotic buttons, newspaper clippings, ship models and countless other memorabilia, all tossed together in a stew of reminiscence.

As one of Dewey's young officers would write years later, "Ships, like racehorses and prizefighters, train for the one supreme moment." For the Olympia, that day was May 1, 1898. Too much thereafter has been sadly anticlimactic. □





## WHY 55?

Until problems developed in the free flow of gasoline last fall, many Americans thought that a speed limit of about 70 miles an hour was a basic right, like the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution. While fuel was temporarily in short supply, the Congress passed a national 55-mph speed limit—and howls of protest filled the air.

The speed limit has been in effect since January 1—nearly a year—and three things have become apparent: first, it saves lives; second, it saves gasoline; third, many people like it.

Since the law's inception, traffic deaths have declined approximately 25 percent. The National Safety Council largely credits the lower speed for the fact that, on the average, 1,000 fewer Americans have been killed each month on the nation's roads since the lowering of speed limits. During the first six months of the lower limit, turnpike traffic deaths declined by 60 percent.

With respect to fuel consumption, John C. Sawhill, head of



the Federal Energy Administration, said if the new limit were universally respected, the country could save more than five million gallons of oil products a day. Since the limit went into effect, he said, "we have been saving a significant proportion of that."

Because the 55-mph limit also reduces fuel consumption, it also saves drivers money.

Most automobile engines operate at peak fuel efficiencies between 35 and 50 mph, and higher speeds only cause more wind resistance, the prime reason for the increase of gasoline consumption.

Wind resistance actually is four times greater at 60 mph than it is at 30 mph. And, when you compare 55-mph speed limits with 70-mph limits, fuel consumption is increased by 57 percent at the higher speed due to increased air resistance alone. (It's 86 percent greater at 75 mph than at 55.)

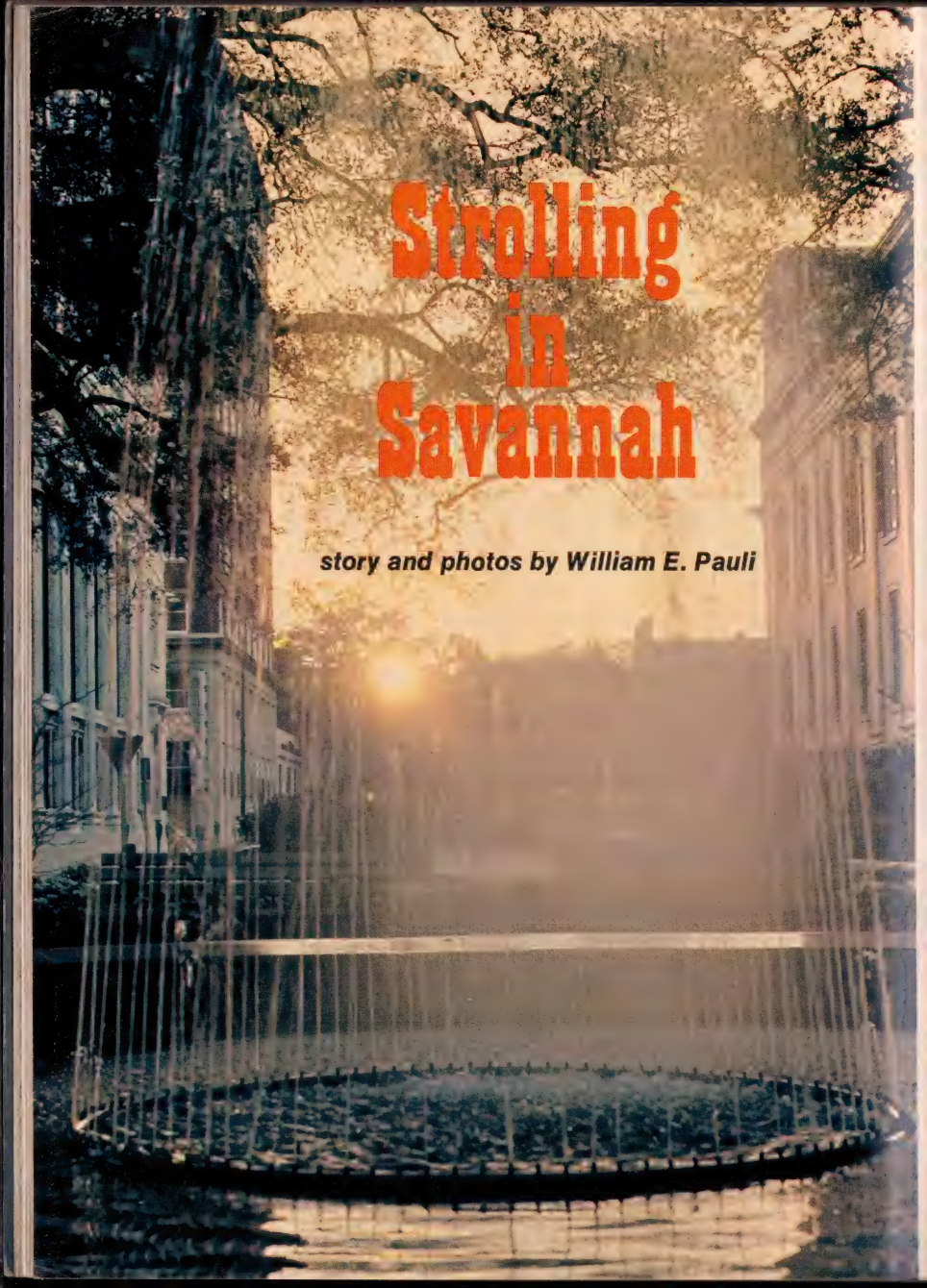
In more familiar terms, if a driver were to travel 300 miles in a Pinto at 55 mph, and got 30 miles per gallon, he'd burn 10 gallons of gas. If the gas price were 60 cents a gallon, his trip would cost \$6. If, however, he traveled at 70 mph, his miles-per-gallon rate could be cut to 19, requiring 15.7 gallons of gas—a cost of \$9.42.

Besides the obvious advantage of saving lives and gas, the lower speed limit has brought out one more important factor in its favor—drivers seem to like it.

The Gallup Poll reports that the public favors the lower limit by a margin of nearly three to one. Some drivers like it for safety reasons, some because of fuel conservation, others for the simple reason that they feel more relaxed traveling slower.

Industry leaders also favor the national 55-mile-an-hour speed limit. Ford Motor Company officially endorsed it when Ford President Lee A. Iacocca told newsmen, "I urge Congress to keep this important measure on the books indefinitely. For one thing, it already has saved thousands of lives and will save more in the future.

"Beyond that, it has helped reduce fuel consumption, which in turn has saved people money. And a continuing 55-mile speed limit would enable us to save still more fuel, because we could refine our engine-driveline combinations to provide optimum performance at more economical speeds." □



# Strolling in Savannah

*story and photos by William E. Pauli*



ON A VISIT IN 1855, the English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray described Savannah as "A tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages . . . no tearing Northern hustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds . . ."

Except for the missing cows and carriages, Thackeray would feel right at home in Savannah today, for this Georgia coastal city has managed a remarkable feat: It has successfully melded the past with the present. As a result it is probably one of the most authentic Colonial cities on the continent.

Nowhere else in this country, for example, can be found 2½ square miles of 18th and 19th century homes—some of the finest examples of Regency, Greek Revival, Victorian Gothic and Georgian Colonial architecture—still standing, let alone lived in. As a matter of fact, America's first planned city is pretty much as its founder, General James Oglethorpe, intended it to be when he laid it out back in 1733.

But Savannah is more than beautiful restorations, although they alone would make a visit worthwhile. It is first of all a fine old Southern city of broad tree-shaded avenues and promenades, dozens of shady parks with monuments, and quiet squares edged with dignified homes and flower gardens. It is also a city of giant magnolias, shoulder-

high azaleas, hanging moss, red rice, okra gumbo and piping hot grits dished up at breakfast by ladies whose accents are thicker than Georgia's famous cane syrup.

The best way to savor Savannah's charm is on foot. Walking, that long forgotten American pastime, has never been out of vogue here. Strollers should start at the Chamber of Commerce Visitors' Center in the old Central of Georgia Railroad Station. Offered among a dozen brochures (and a free slide show) is a handy walking guide of the Colonial capital's historic district.

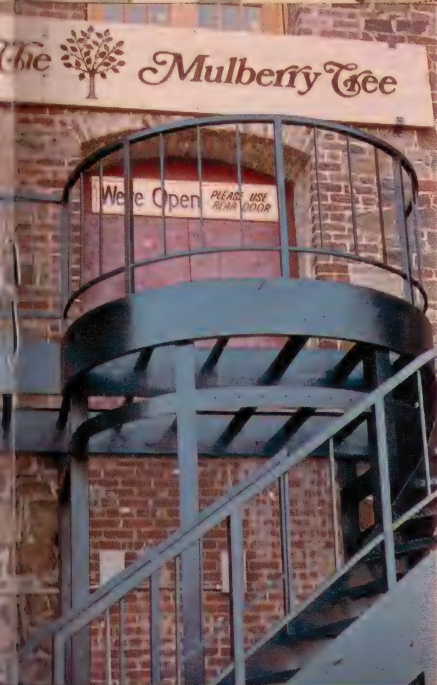
No matter which route is taken, there's an art to strolling in Savannah. "Our city," explains Betty W. Platt, director of the Visitors' Center, "is like a mint julep. It should be sampled at a leisurely pace."

Even the local residents don't seem to hurry. At all hours, people stop on street corners and in squares to discuss anything from politics to the weather. Visitors are often startled by natives who still smile and say "good morning" or "good afternoon" as they pass. One lady from the Midwest wrote back to the city fathers in praise of a patrolman who stopped traffic so the out-of-towner could snap a hard-to-get photograph. Savannah, in other words, is courtly and friendly—which is to say Southern.

Adventurous walkers will find a dozen avenues worth exploring







*Among Savannah's sidewalk attractions: flower-studded squares, fancy ironwork, the old Cotton Exchange, quiet parks and unusual river-front boutiques*

along the waterfront. It is not only the site of Oglethorpe's landing, but also Georgia's oldest street. Between multistoried red brick and stucco warehouses and the Savannah River bluff is Factors' Walk, a sunken street paved with cobblestones once used as ballast in old English trading ships. Above the walk, iron foot bridges still connect the buildings' upper levels to Bay Street, where factors bought and sold cotton.

But life down by the riverside

isn't what it used to be. Ramps, paved with smooth stones and hand-made brick, now lead to more than a score of shops, boutiques, restaurants and taverns. Warehouses, which once bulged with enough cotton to make Savannah the busiest port on the eastern seaboard in the 1880s, house such diverse enterprises as The Naked Cow, where craftsmen tool leather belts and hand-stitch suede jackets; AR Galleries, which displays local and European works of art; the David Copperhouse, a gourmet emporium featuring imported teas, coffees, spices and exotic foods; and the Mulberry Tree, a boutique that specializes in primitive antiques.

Most of the rustic stores still have the original brick floors, rough stone walls and high wooden-beamed ceilings. And the owners are as unique as the shops. For example, a former Philadelphia dentist now slices Cheddar in The River Street Cheese and Wine Locker; a retired New Hampshire advertising executive and his family turn out award-winning pottery; and an ex-school-teacher from Chicago spends her day selling wicker baskets.

In front of the shops along River Street, the Savannah River still bustles with ship traffic from all over the world. Those interested in Savannah's seagoing past should stroll along the waterfront to the Ships of the Sea Museum. Of special interest are handcrafted ship models representing the sailing vessels which

helped make Savannah a leading port. In addition to the marine artifacts, including several authentic 18th century ship figureheads, visitors can see one of the world's foremost collections of ships in bottles and a model of the S. S. Savannah, the first steamship to cross any ocean.

### Waving girl

Before climbing back up one of the ancient stone stairways to Bay Street, amble east along the dock to a small park and the statue of Savannah's waving girl. According to local legend, Florence Martus, who lived on nearby Elba Island, fell in love with a sailor who shipped out with a promise to return. Although neither her ship nor her lover ever came in, Florence spent her life at the island lighthouse greeting passing ships by waving her handkerchief during the day and a lantern at night.

Along Bay Street and most others, the signature of the "Old South" — ornamental ironwork — is everywhere. The ironwork is functional as well as decorative. On summer afternoons, ladies still sit on shaded verandas that are decorated with cast-iron fretwork, shelling black-eyed peas or snapping string beans into enamel pans. Lacy wrought-iron balconies are ideal spots for nighttime partygoers to catch a breath of fresh air. Stair railings—elaborate works of twisting metal vines filled with leaves and flowers—have storks as newels, grif-





*Dozens of antique iron pedestrian bridges span Factors' Walk*

fins as foot scrapers and lions' heads as hand grips.

To help preserve the ironwork, Savannah has its own artsmith. On Bay Street, Ivan Bailey, who studied goldsmithing at the University of Georgia and blacksmithing in Germany, operates Bailey's Forge. Bailey, who hammers out everything from wrought-iron chandeliers to weathervanes on an old-fashioned anvil, recently handcrafted a replacement sword for the one vandals had defaced on a statue of Savannah's founding father.

General Oglethorpe is only one of dozens of famous and not-so-famous people honored with plaques, statues, monuments and markers in the city. Among those remembered in the historic district's 24 squares are the Revolutionary War hero Nathanael Greene; William Washington Gordon, founder

of the Central of Georgia Railroad; Sergeant William Jasper, a Revolutionary soldier who died protecting the flag in the British siege of 1779; Tomochichi, chief of the Yamacraw Indians and friend to the colonists; and Count Casimir Pulaski, a Polish hero of America's War of Independence.

Surrounding many of the flower-studded squares are streets lined with restored and preserved homes. In fact, the city has the largest registered urban historic area in the United States. In 1966 a 2½-square-mile section of old Savannah was designated a National Historic Landmark. Within this area are over 1,100 buildings of historic value. To date nearly 900 of them have been refurbished—all with private capital.

The first home to be salvaged was the Isaiah Davenport House on

Columbia Square. As bulldozers moved in to level it for a parking lot, seven local ladies banded together, raised \$30,000 and bought the 1815 Georgian structure. This restored house now opens daily as a museum and serves as headquarters for the Historic Savannah Foundation, which has saved numerous other estates from destruction.

### Lafayette slept here

Two of the old homes open to the public once housed equally famous generals. At the Owens-Thomas house on Oglethorpe Square, visitors can view the bedroom in which the Marquis de Lafayette slept during his stay in 1826. Designed by a young English architect, William Jay, in 1816, this mansion has been called the most beautiful example of English Regency architecture in the United States. Especially intriguing are the home's indirect lighting, circular rooms, curved walls and doors, and a bridge that spans a portion of the upstairs hall.

A half-dozen blocks away is a mansion Civil War buffs won't want to miss. Facing Madison Square along Bull Street, the Green-Meldrim home served as General William Tecumseh Sherman's headquarters during his siege of the city. It was here in 1864 that Sherman penned his famous telegram to President Lincoln offering Savannah as a Christmas present to the Union.

A pleasant side effect of walking in Savannah is that it works up a

hearty appetite. One place certain to please the palate is the old Pink House and Planters Tavern. Built by James Habersham, Jr., in 1771, this 18th century home is named for the pink-shaded stucco which covers the brick walls. Here, such favorites as Black Turtle Soup and River-front Gumbo are served in candlelight on linen-covered tables.

Savannah's most popular and famous restaurant, the Pirates' House, is only a block from the river. A rendezvous for buccaneers in the late 18th century, the original inn is mentioned in *Treasure Island*. The restaurant's 17 dining rooms are actually a maze of old buildings that have been joined together. One of these, the Herb House, dating from 1734, is said to be Georgia's oldest building. In the Captain's Room, pages from a rare edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic decorate one wall. Miss Edna's seafood bisque, okra gumbo, oysters Savannah and the house crêpes are all worth sampling.

The major problem with dining out in the city is the temptation to stuff oneself on dozens of homemade delicacies.

But Savannahans have a delightful solution: They take an evening stroll under the live oaks. □

*For more on Savannah and a Change - of - Pace - Weekend, write Betty W. Platt, Director, Savannah Visitors' Center, P. O. Box 530, Savannah, Georgia 31402*



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**O**F ALL THE HEROES of the American Revolution, none is so touching, so simple, so likeable as Nathan Hale. His life, except for its final days, was not extraordinary. He spied, he was caught, he spoke his words, and he was hanged. Nothing he did affected the Revolution in any way—not his failed spying, not his words, not his death. Yet no hero is held in greater reverence.

History paid its respects to Hale very late—a classic example of heroism slow to make itself known. After he met his fate on the gallows in New York some tears were shed in

Connecticut, where he was born and reared. But little else happened. His passing, however, was like the planting of a seed. More than a century went by before it germinated and revealed Nathan Hale the hero, Nathan Hale the legend.

The facts about Hale's life are meager, for he lived so briefly and undramatically. He was born in 1755 in Coventry, a town almost in the dead center of Connecticut. His boyhood was typical of the day—he did farm chores, hunted in the low hills around home and fished in the lakes. The village minister prepared him for college, and in 1769 he and his brother Enoch set out on horse-

## The Making of a Hero

# 1776

by Henry Cranston

illustrations by Thomas Lowes Assoc.



back for New Haven, to enter Yale. They rode the 60 miles in two days.

While in college, Hale lived at Connecticut Hall, the only Yale building of that time still standing. He made a modest reputation as a speaker and debater and was elected to a secret literary society. He was an excellent athlete—runner, wrestler and broadjumper. He received his diploma in the fall of 1773. For the next year and a half he was a schoolteacher, first in a small town in Connecticut and then in New London. Of the latter post it was reported he was so popular that a group of girl summer students would get up at dawn to attend his class from 5 to 7.

In 1775, following the Battle of Lexington, when thoughts and words of liberty and revolution were in the air, Hale attended a town meeting in New London and spoke as a rebel and revolutionary would speak. The Connecticut General Assembly commissioned him a first lieutenant in July of that year. Recruiting his own troops, he joined the Continental Army in the siege of Boston. He was promoted to captain on January 1, 1776.

In July of that year, the troops moved to New York, where Hale received a command in the crack regiment known as Knowlton's Rangers, an outfit formed for scouting service after the Continentals had been badly beaten on Long Island. General Washington was in dire straits at the time. He needed

information on British strength and plans, and he needed a spy to find this out. Appealing directly to Knowlton's men, he got Hale as a volunteer.

Hale sailed to the Long Island port of Huntington, where he took off his uniform and donned the clothes of a schoolmaster. This was to be his role as a spy, and he carried his Yale diploma as proof. From September 12, when he began to gather information, until the 21st little is known of his actions. On the latter date, close to Continental lines and the mission nearly accomplished, he was challenged by the British.

Sketches of military fortifications were found in the soles of his shoes. He was taken before General Howe in New York. Voluntarily he gave his name and rank and his purpose in entering the British lines. Howe ordered him executed in the morning without trial.

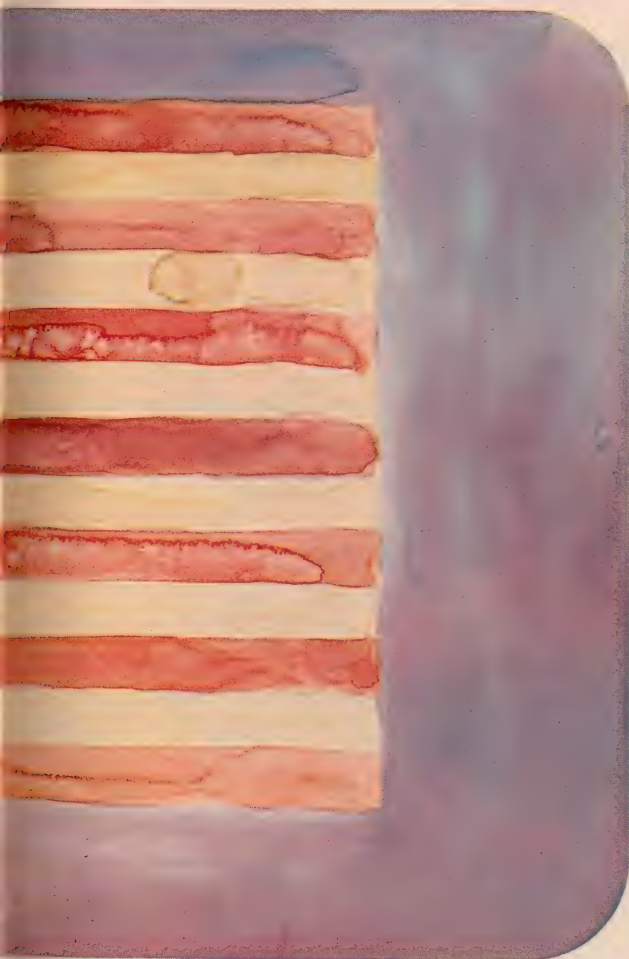
Among the very few persons present that Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, in New York, was a British engineer, Captain John Montresor. Montresor was impressed with the demeanor of the condemned Continental—his quiet dignity, his serene determination as he approached the scaffold. Later the British officer wrote his impression of Hale.

There are a number of statues of Nathan Hale. They were made by three different sculptors—Bela Lyon Pratt, Frederick MacMonnies and



Enoch S. Woods—and they may be seen in a number of places, among them the Hale homestead in Coventry, at Yale, at a new CIA building in Langley, Virginia, and at the





it on the faith of others that Hale was handsome. He was liked, he was even loved. Many girls in Connecticut cried when they heard what had happened.

Would Nathan Hale have been a hero if he had succeeded as a spy? Would he have been a hero if he had been silent before the trap was sprung? Would he have been a hero if he were not young and handsome? Why did sculptors discover this chapter of the Revolution so late? What was it about the temper of the times that in the late 19th century Nathan Hale struck a spark that lit up a corner of the American soul?

Tribune Tower in Chicago. All the statues were conceived late in the 19th century. None of the sculptors knew what Hale looked like. They created an idealized Hale. They took

He stepped forward, and according to Montresor he said 14 words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

He was 21 years old.



# Those Magic Lures

*A tackle box is a treasure chest of fishing memories*

*by Edwin P. Hicks*

*illustrations by Argus Childers*





The dedicated angler always has the Great Outdoors right at his fingertips. All he has to do is open his tackle box and start picking up his favorite lures and it's like rubbing Aladdin's magic lamp. Instantly, even on the gloomiest day, sunlight floods the room, redwing blackbirds are fluting in the rushes, honeybees are droning among the wild flowers, the water is warm and the snail is on the thorn.

Each battered and beaten plug is a magical thing, each used fly has a story all its own, and each bite in those chewed-up plastic worms means something to the man who owns them. An old lure is a treasure and a warm friend. It has the power to change a dull day into a happy one.

There's a big spoon in my tackle box. It's the size of a large table-spoon without the handle, and its ruby red eyes sparkle knowingly. I haven't used this lure in years, but each time I pick it up, it transports me to Gull Lake, a few miles north of Bemidji, Minnesota, in Paul Bunyan country. We're on vacation, my wife, myself and a friend. A regular hurricane is blowing. The first couple of days are so windy that the Balsam Beach Lodge owner actually cuts down a tree lest it fall on one of the log cottages in which disappointed guests sit out the storm.

But on the third day the lake is calm, there is only a tiny ripple of a

breeze on the surface of the blue water, and the bright sun sparkles from wavelet to wavelet. We are out early, trolling with the red-eyed spoons. Will fish really hit such spoons? The Bemidji sporting goods dealer has recommended them highly. And he is right. Great Northern pike hit the shiny spoons until our arms grow tired reeling them in. We turn the pike loose as fast as we catch them, and then catch some more!

I return the red-eyed spoon to the box and from a plastic container select a tiny gray fly. Many years ago when Bill Barksdale, editor of *Farm Quarterly*, was a teenage youth, he'd handmake such a fly and ask me to try it out.

With the little gray fly attached to my long fly rod leader I walk along the smoking left bank of the Firehole River in Yellowstone National Park. I cross a rustic bridge, tiptoe through waist-high grass towards a small blue hole in a bend of the stream that looks deep. Halfway there an elk calf jumps out of the grass directly in front of me and high-tails it for the woods.

I cast the fly into the blue water; it floats by a small point that juts out from the bank, and whammo—I am fast to a two-pound rainbow. My first trout. In due time I land the rainbow and kneel over it in the grass admiring its size and color. In the distance I can hear

the repeated bleats of a locomotive air-horn. Then it strikes me you don't hear a locomotive in the middle of Yellowstone. I rise and look in the direction of the sound. A large animal which I can't see clearly, but which I take for an elk, is in the edge of the clearing about a hundred yards away. I don't have a creel, so I place the rainbow on a metal stringer attached to my belt and make several more casts into the pool.

The air-horn has become a blast. I turn around and I see the four legs of a large animal pacing back and forth rapidly behind a clump of shrubs not 40 feet away. Without hesitating I leap into the blue pool and wade armpit deep to the far side, muscle myself out of the water, and beat it back along the side of the stream until I have put a safe distance between me and the angry elk. I'm happy to rejoin my wife, who has just returned from watching Old Faithful put on its hourly show.

There are several black-haired, lead-head jigs in my tackle box, and a bottle containing a nine-inch black pork rind eel. I look at these, hold them in my hand, and grin happily. It is 1956. I am 18 years younger. We are on a fishing vacation at Bull Shoals Lake on the White River in northern Arkansas. A lady, who with her husband runs a tackle and bait

shop, shows our party how to cut through the fleshy part of the eel, down to the rind, to make it pliable, and she tells us how to use it: "Anchor in deep water about a hundred feet from a rocky point. Cast towards the point and let the



eel sink until it stops. Then you kinda crawl it down the rocks of the point from ledge to ledge." This is the week Floyd Patterson defeats Thomas "Hurricane" Jackson, but fails to knock him out.



Mickey Mantle hits several home runs. And Dwight Eisenhower suffers one of his attacks. The couple occupying the cottage next door are from the Oklahoma Panhandle. How they love this great, beautiful Arkansas lake! We catch a few



bass but don't quite learn the knack of jig and eel fishing.

There is a curving yellow plug with red dots on it (a Lazy Ike) among my souvenirs. It is a warm, August day on the Fourche La

Fave in western Arkansas. Edging into the center of a short slough off a big hole, I cast towards a log jam. I get a strike reeling in. The line comes towards me, passes my right leg and heads for the open water and really turns on the power. I'm in an innertube float, and the fish is so powerful I fear I have hooked a giant alligator gar (they grow to be six to eight feet long in the Fourche). I give him line, paddle 15 feet to the bank and play him from shore. He turns out to be a five-pound, six-ounce big-mouth bass.

I pick a bright blue Swimming Minnow from my tackle box. Now it is a mid-November day. We have no luck fishing. My buddy borrows the plug and is skeptical about the color. Within 15 minutes he catches two five-pound bass and one that weighs four and a half pounds. I threaten him with an oar until he returns my plug.

Here is another old favorite. But there is no need to go on. It is a cold winter day outside, but it is warm and beautiful in the room where I am, thanks to my magic lures. I have three tackle boxes filled with plugs, flies, spinners and jigs, most of them battered, beaten and chewed up. But each of them has a story, and every one of them brings out a song in my heart—to accompany the fluting of the red-wing blackbirds in the rushes. Can't you hear it? □





# SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

by Nancy Kennedy

photos by Don Rockhey

From St. Nicholas Eve on December 5 to the Epiphany on January 6, Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, holds its traditional Christmas observance. The Village halls and historic homes are decked out with holly, cedar roping, laurel, kissing bells, mistletoe, apples and beeswax candles. There are pungent, beribboned herb wreaths and giant trees and wreaths and dried flowers from the Village's summer gardens.

Included in the carefully researched Christmas festivities are early American versions of some enduring decorative traditions—popcorn strings winding around trees, stockings hung by the chimney and swags of greens placed over doorways and family portraits.

The impressario of this old-fashioned Christmas scene is Bob Miller, a horticulturist who is the landscape manager of Green-

field Village and the Henry Ford Museum. Public interest in Miller's historical holiday re-creations has become so great that the Village holds classes each November to show people how to create their own Colonial—and Victorian—holiday decorations.

Below are some suggestions from Mr. Miller which should help home decorators turn out colorful holiday displays equal to those admired by thousands of visitors every year at Greenfield Village.

The dried flower tree on page 49 stands seven feet tall and is probably a bit ambitious (and expensive) for the first-time tree creator. However, a smaller version can be easily and economically constructed on the kitchen table by the whole family. Begin with a well-shaped real (or artificial) evergreen tree. The Village tree, a Douglas fir, was selected because it holds its needles longer than other evergreens and keeps its shape

*Bob Miller, who created all of the decorations on these pages, prepares a strawflower wreath*







throughout the holiday season. Arrange baby's-breath among the needles to provide a neutral background for the assorted flowers—multicolored straw-flowers, purple German statice (sea lavender) and marigolds. Arrangements can be made with flowers that complement room color schemes and furnishings. If you plan to use the tree as a year-around decoration, an artificial base is best. In Colonial times these trees, as well as handmade dryflower and herb wreaths of rosemary, thyme and sage, were

often left up all year.

The handsome fruit and vegetable pyramids shown on page 49 date back to the 18th century and are simple to put together. Drive three-inch nails into a round wooden dowel which is six inches at the bottom and tapers to two inches at the top. This foot-high cone-shaped base can also be made of styrofoam if lightweight vegetables are to be used in the decoration. Impale the fruits or vegetables on the nails (which have been angled into the base two inches apart). Begin placing fruit at the bottom of the pyramid and move to the top in a clockwise direction. Top the pyramid with the same type of fruit or vegetable or a pineapple for greater height. These pyramids can be used as either centerpieces or room decorations. If used throughout the holiday season the pyramid should be kept in a cool place.

Another novel and easy-to-make item is the nut tree on page 48. Use a small artificial or real tree as the base. Drill holes through walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts. Wire attractive bunches of the nuts together. Dip each bunch in clear shellac. When the shellac dries, attach the bunches to the tree branches with wire.

The top left photograph on page 49 shows a kissing bell (considered the Colonial forerunner of the Christmas tree). Construct a

bell-shaped wire frame and cover it with boxwood or evergreen branches. Hang a large bunch of mistletoe from the center of the bell. Suspend eight to 10 pegged apples on red velvet ribbons around the outer rim of the bell. Place bayberry or beeswax candles above each of the apples. Small gifts may also be strung from the center of the bell.

A year-around decoration is the thistle strawflower wreath on page 48. The base for this colorful flower arrangement can be either a straw or styrofoam ring. Cover the face of the ring with the heads of strawflowers in assorted sizes and colors. Attach the flowers with florist's pins or bobby pins. Arrange giant dried thistles around the outer and inner edges of the circle.

There is more going on at Greenfield Village than just a display of traditional holiday decorations. During the holidays costumed hostesses bake mincemeat tarts and pull taffy in historic kitchens. In firelit parlors others demonstrate domestic skills to the accompaniment of traditional holiday airs. Carolers wander along the streets, greeting visitors in horsedrawn sleighs and carriages. Continuing the ancient tradition of welcoming holiday visitors with an offer of food and drink, Greenfield Village greets its visitors in the Town Hall with complimentary hot spiced cider and Christmas cookies. □



*Ford's New Infant Carrier:*

# Safer Than Mother's Arms



As part of its continuing effort to provide the most effective and comfortable occupant restraint system feasible for all age groups, Ford is now offering an Infant Safety Carrier for babies up to one year old. The carrier is available through Ford dealers, directly or by mail order.

Constructed from a single piece of sturdy, washable plastic, the carrier will protect babies of up to 20 pounds. It is fitted with a removable foam pad for comfort; easily adjustable straps permit complete freedom for arms and legs.

The carrier can be used on the front or rear seat, which must be a forward-facing seat, and is held in place with a lap belt or lap and shoulder belt. It is compatible with the safety belt interlock system standard on all 1975 Ford cars.

The infant rides in a semireclining position facing the rear of the vehicle. In the event of a sudden stop, or impact, the carrier's high, contoured back and foam-padded interior support and protect the infant's head and body and help hold the child securely in the car seat.

For children one through five years, Ford dealers offer the highly accepted and proven Tot-Guard. Tot-Guard has been available in the United States since 1967; more than 93,000 have been sold. Children older than five can use the lap belt or the lap and shoulder belt.

Ford and other auto manufacturers began installing front seat belts on cars in 1964. Federal motor vehicle safety standards required that forward-facing seats in all cars be equipped with seat belts effective January, 1968.

Seat belts, however, are designed to restrain adults or large children. While they are better than no restraint at all for small children, they do not provide the best protection because of the great differences between small child and adult anatomies.

Small children are not scaled-down adults. They have virtually no solid skeletal or muscle structure comparable to that of an adult to protect them. A small child's neck vertebrae are primarily cartilage, and the head can easily snap forward in an impact or sudden stop.

Many drivers mistakenly believe that in an accident they could steer with one hand while using the other to hold back a child. In a 20-mile-per-hour collision, a 30-pound child would generate a force of more than 500 pounds.

Ford's Infant Safety Carrier and Tot-Guard are designed to provide a baby or small child—awake or asleep—with the needed extra protection. ☐



# Smartest Bird In America



**Hunters must “talk turkey” to lure the  
Thanksgiving bird to the table**

**W**HEN TURKEY SEASON OPENED, my wife and I were shivering in a deadfall blind at a known turkey watering hole in the ponderosa pine country just south of Grand Canyon National Park. My original

plan had been to bag a turkey for Thanksgiving, Pilgrim-style. But since these wild birds weigh much less than their domestic brethren, Vicki had joined the hunt in hopes that we could get a pair.

**by James Tallon**

**paintings by Arthur Shilstone**

The day warmed but passed slowly. We saw a lot of wildlife fill up at the waterhole, including several deer, bandtail pigeons, and hundreds of song birds. But no turkeys. Then, about an hour before sundown, with thoughts of giving up in my mind, I spotted a large turkey crossing a grass meadow behind the waterhole, and I left the blind with intentions of intercepting the bird. I crept through the forest as I imagined a commando might do, but I never saw that turkey again.

The following day, looking for a more productive stand, I drove our pickup-camper down a primitive forest road and suddenly Vicki screamed, "Turkeys!" There were at least 20 of them, all gawking in surprise in easy shotgun range. I jumped from the truck, already smelling roasting turkey, and hastily loaded my old 12-gauge double-barrel shotgun. The turkeys took off in a dead run towards a stand of ponderosa and pinyon pine in the center of the big meadow. I took off after them in a high lope — which was pretty stupid because these bronze beauties can outrun a racehorse. When I reached the tree island, I saw not a feather and heard not a "putt" of warning from the birds. I saw no turkeys crossing the meadow beyond the tree island, and I saw no turkeys on it. Where in the devil did they go?

On the last day of our hunt, Vicki and I hid behind a three-foot-thick ponderosa deadfall near Hull Tank,

another turkey watering hole. This time I caught a flicker of movement with my peripheral vision. I rotated my head slowly and saw a large hen turkey angling toward me in a relatively open portion of the forest. The old gal stopped, then made deliberate side-steps toward a single, big ponderosa and disappeared behind it. So help me, that was the last I saw of her. She didn't come out from behind the tree, and she didn't fly up into it. I can only assume she kept the tree between us as she made a hasty retreat.

What Vicki and I were experiencing on this hunt was treatment normally doled out by wild turkeys to hunters. Any serious turkey hunter will tell you not only that the wild turkey is America's smartest bird, but also that it is smarter than most animals. A non-turkey hunter or an average person may stumble across turkeys in one of our national parks, but in the true wilds, such a meeting is unlikely because the turkey will not allow itself to be seen.

### **Brainy bird**

The extinction of the dinosaurs is blamed largely on the smallness of their brains. Brain size is considered relative to intelligence. Perhaps turkeys should have vanished from the earth, too, because such a small head certainly cannot contain a large brain. But compare a turkey with a deer, which has a fairly large brain. Here you'll find an animal that makes foolish moves a turkey never





consists of five varieties: Eastern, Florida, Rio Grande, Merriam's and Mexican. The wild turkey is the *only* species of wildlife to be domesticated in recorded history. In the 16th century, Francisco Fernandez and Hernando Cortez

does. A deer will sometimes stop and stare curiously, and sometimes fatally, at a hunter. In contrast, once alerted, the turkey disappears in the forest. In Arizona, where I live, for every 100 deer hunters that go afield, approximately 20 bag deer! But for every 100 hunters that go after turkeys, only 10 are successful.

Now that doesn't mean there are fewer turkeys, only that the turkey is smarter. It is gifted with super-sharp eyesight. A deer may mistake a man sitting in the forest for a brushpile or something inanimate, but to a turkey a man sitting in the forest looks like nothing but that. Outstanding eyesight and hearing, an extremely suspicious nature, an intense dislike of noise, particularly man-made noise, and a love for the most remote wilderness he can find make the wild turkey one of the most difficult of all game birds to hunt.

The wild turkey as we know it

found the Mexican variety domesticated and being raised by the Aztec Indians. The conquistadores transplanted it to Spain and from there it spread across to other European countries. Then it was brought back to America by immigrants to become the ancestor of today's common barnyard turkey, a rather indirect way for a Mexican bird to arrive in the United States.

The wild turkey that the Pilgrims found so tasty is the Eastern turkey. Interestingly, they did not attempt to domesticate this bird in discernable numbers. Like the Indians, the Pilgrims preferred to let nature do the raising, and when they wanted a turkey for dinner they went out and shot one.

Despite the craftiness of the wild turkey, in pioneer America the bird was reduced from an estimated 10 million to a dangerously low population. This was attributed to lumbering and clearing of forest lands for







towns and agricultural purposes. Then, too, market hunters over-shot these gamebirds, usually selling them at about six cents each! By 1925, wild turkeys disappeared entirely from 18 of the 39 states where they had roamed. After World War II concentrated efforts by game and fish departments re-established the wild turkey in much of its native range and beyond. Hawaii, where the wild turkey never strutted, now has a healthy population of them. Furthermore, the overall wild turkey population in the United States is now more than a million birds.

### Flawed character

There is a flaw in the wild turkey's character that allows it to become Thanksgiving Day dinner. At the slightest hint of danger, turkeys become silent as wisps of smoke, but while traveling or feeding, they jabber away like bunches of school children. This constant chatter helps keep them from getting separated from the flock. Accomplished turkey hunters, imitating turkey talk, can consistently lure them into range. However, only a small portion of the turkeys called in are bagged, or for that matter, even seen.

Old gobblers especially are fantastically suspicious of everything unnatural and a lot of things that are natural. They investigate other turkey calls, real and imitated, with great caution. They will slip in, spot the caller, and if it is a man, retreat back into the forest, unseen. Fur-

thermore, the gobbler will lead away the less experienced birds.

The art of turkey calling was practiced by the American Indian long before Columbus' arrival. The white man picked up the trick and improved it. Turkey talk can be imitated with the human voice, but a number of modern calling devices have been developed to make it easier. The best turkey caller, especially for the amateur, is a small rectangular box stroked with a chalked paddle lid. In skilled hands and in good turkey territory, this call is guaranteed to bring turkeys into range; in the hands of an amateur, such as myself, any turkeys brought into range can be accredited largely to luck.

As Vicki and I hid behind the log at Hull Tank, I worked my turkey-call box in the manner recommended by the instructions that came with it. Remarkably, from uphill I heard a reply, and in a few minutes a small head attached to a serpentine neck poked through the brush directly in front of me. Before it could withdraw, we had turkey number one for the oven, a fat hen. Four hours later the flock came back, and my wife's shot permitted us to invite guests over for a genuine wild turkey Thanksgiving dinner. It took three days to bag those birds.

Benjamin Franklin is credited with saying that we made a mistake by not establishing the wild turkey as our national bird. I believe Ben was right. □



# Free help in getting the most car for your money. Now when you need it most.

These days, people are concerned about inflation—rising costs.

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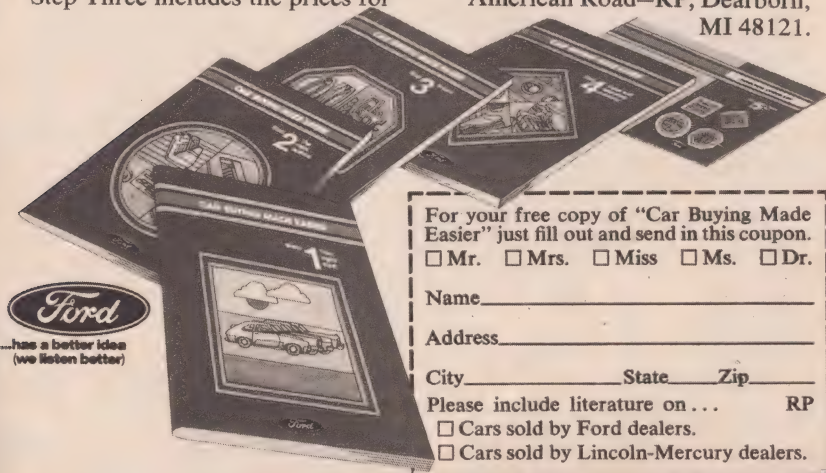
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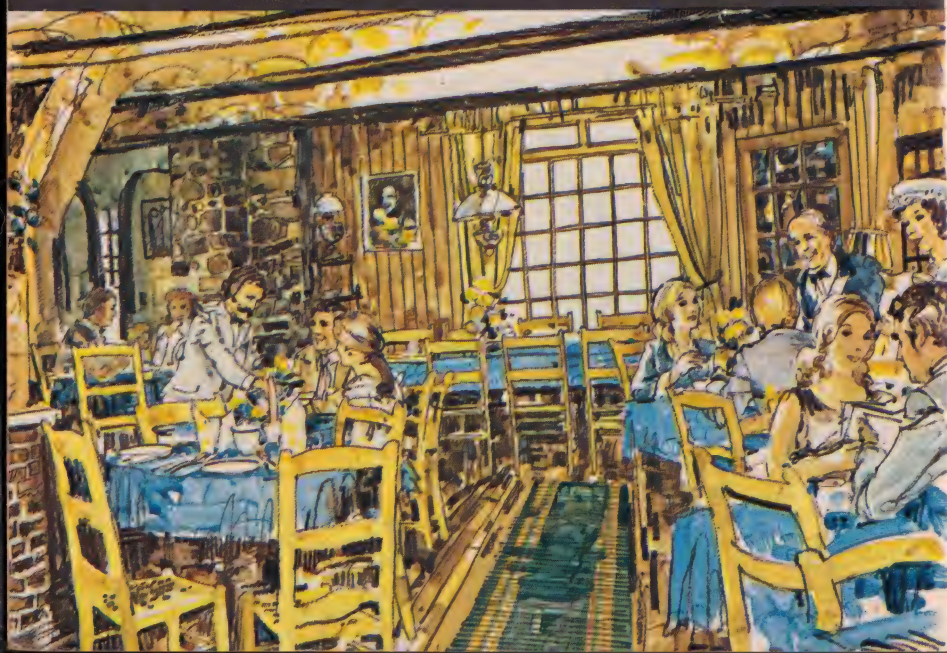
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FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM  
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS  
by Nancy Kennedy





painting by Harvey Kidder

### CALIBOGUE CAFE HILTON HEAD ISLAND SOUTH CAROLINA

Pronounced "Calibogey," this is a colorful restaurant much favored by seafood lovers. It is in Sea Pines Plantation. Take U.S. Highway 278 to the island and follow signs to Harbortown. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Herb Wilkins, the chef, shares one of the restaurant's recipes, a Low Country special, for an unusual shrimp dish.

#### PINKIE'S SHRIMP BOIL

- 3 pounds raw shrimp in shell*
- 4 tablespoons butter*
- 1/3 cup red and green bell peppers, diced*
- 1 cup celery, diced fine*

### AUBERGE HANDFIELD ST. MARC, QUEBEC

Just a half hour from Montreal, this restaurant is in a 150-year-old house surrounded by the rich farmlands of the Richelieu River Valley. There is a marina, as well as complete vacation facilities. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; reservations necessary for meals and overnight accommodations. Closed Christmas day. Take Route 20 east from Montreal, turn left onto Route 47, at Exit 68, and go six miles.

#### RUMP OF VEAL COOKED IN BEER

- 4 pounds boned rump of veal*
- 2 tablespoons butter*
- Salt and pepper*
- 1 onion, diced*
- 1 carrot, diced*
- 1 celery stalk, diced*

painting by Huntley Brown

- 1 cup onions, diced fine*
- 2 quarts chicken base*
- 1 1/2 tablespoons dry mustard*
- 1 lemon, sliced*
- 6 Oscar Mayer Little Smokies sausages*
- 1/2 bay leaf*
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce*
- Salt and pepper to taste*

In a large heavy pot melt butter and cook onions, celery, peppers until soft but not brown. Add chicken base and remaining ingredients, except shrimp, and let cook together for 5-10 minutes. Bring to a boil and add shrimp and cook for about 6 minutes. The local way of serving this dish is to ladle the shrimp without the cooking liquid into soup bowls. Makes 6 servings. Serve with hot bread and a tossed salad.

- 
- 1 clove garlic, crushed*
  - 1 bay leaf*
  - 3 bottles of beer*
  - thyme*
  - 1 tablespoon tomato paste*
  - 1 cup whipping cream*

Season meat with salt and pepper. Sauté veal in butter on all sides until brown. Add vegetables and sauté for a few more minutes. Pour 2 bottles of beer over meat. Add garlic, dash of thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper and tomato paste. Cover and cook in 350° oven for 2 hours. Add the remaining bottle of beer gradually as the cooking juice reduces. When cooked, remove meat to a platter and keep hot. Reduce cooking juice and thicken with a mixture of 2 tablespoons of butter and 2 tablespoons of flour. Add cream. Taste for seasoning and serve sauce over veal slices.



▲ painting by Thomas Sgouros

▼ painting by Gilbert DiCicco





## THE SEAMEN'S INNE MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

This inn, designed in the fashion of a ship captain's house in the 1779-1810 era, is part of the Mystic Seaport, a maritime museum featuring major ships, craft shops and collections of maritime artifacts of the 18th and 19th centuries. There are three dining rooms and a buffet in the restaurant complex, and the menu runs to traditional American dishes. Lunch and dinner served daily; reservations advisable for dinner. It is a half mile south of I-95 on Greenmanville Avenue (Route 27).

### SCALLOPS POLONAISE

- 2 pounds bay scallops*
- 8 tablespoons butter*
- 2 tablespoons onion, finely chopped*

- ½ cup sifted flour*
- 1 cup chicken stock*
- 1 cup sour cream*
- 3 lemons, juice*
- Pinch of pepper*
- 3 cups hot buttered rice*

Wash scallops thoroughly under running water to remove any sand. Dry scallops on a paper towel. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an ovenproof dish, sauté scallops and onion for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. In a heavy saucepan melt remaining butter, stir in flour gradually. Add chicken stock and simmer over low heat until thickened. Stir in sour cream and lemon juice. Add pepper, then pour sauce over the scallops and bake at 400° for 10 minutes. Serve over hot rice. Makes 4-6 servings.

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## HOMESTEAD INN MILAN, OHIO

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Henry, who own and operate this charming country inn, also raise their own cattle. In the surrounding pastures guests may see their "steaks on the hoof." The dining room is open every day from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed most major holidays. Overnight accommodations and recreation facilities. Take Exit 7 from the Ohio Turnpike; the inn is a quarter mile south on U.S. 250.

### SWISS STEAK

- 2 pounds round steak, pounded*
- 1 cup flour*

- ½ teaspoon salt*
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper*
- 2 tablespoons oil*
- ½ cup chopped celery*
- ½ cup diced onion*
- ¼ cup diced green pepper*
- 3 tablespoons flour*
- ½ cup tomato juice*
- 2 cups water*

Mix flour, salt and pepper. Dredge meat in flour mixture. Brown in oil. Remove meat to a casserole. Sauté celery, onion and green pepper in the skillet from which the meat has been removed. Make a gravy by adding flour, water and tomato juice to the vegetables. Pour over meat and bake in 375° oven for 1½ hours. Serves 6.

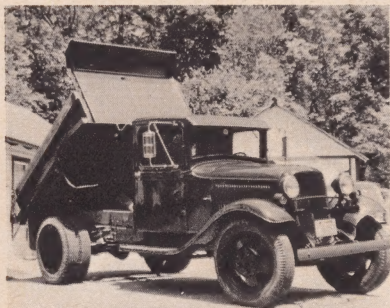


## Letters

### A "Golden Oldie"

Dear Sirs: I enjoy your FORD TIMES magazine very much. Here is a picture of my "Golden Oldie"—a 1932 Ford Model BB, 4-cylinder truck with a ton-and-a-half hydraulic lift dump body. This old guy is still going strong and the future looks bright for more miles.

M. J. Bean  
South Waterford, Maine



### Mileage Monitor

Dear Sirs: Your story in the June issue about big car mileage is much less spectacular than the 5-year record of my 1969 Custom 500 4-door Ford. I have kept an accurate record of dates, mileage readings and quantities of gas purchased since I filled the tank on the day the car rolled off the showroom floor. The car consistently delivers 17 miles per gallon in town and 21 to 24 mpg on the highway.

Howard L. Brickey  
Kansas City, Missouri



### Pair of Ponies

Dear Sirs: I call this picture Seeing Double. It is of my '71 Pinto and my father, who had just completed building the little "Pinto" shown on the car's roof. Imagine the looks I received as I drove my two Pintos home from Racine, Wisconsin.

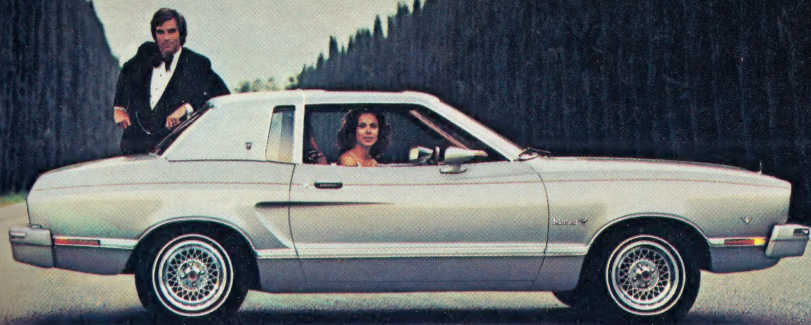
John W. Nitz  
Riverside, California

### Are You Moving?

Because FORD TIMES will not be forwarded to your new address, please notify us in advance so you will receive your copies regularly. Send us the address label from the back cover with your new address and zip code. If you use a post office address change form, be sure that all code numbers from address label are shown. Mail to FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



# Introducing the Ford Mustang II Silver Ghia.



OPTIONS SHOWN; CAST ALUMINUM SPOKE WHEELS. AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION. AM-FM STEREO RADIO.



Cranberry interior with crushed velour seating area.



Last year Mustang II outsold all its so-called "competition" combined. And the success car of '74 is doing it again in 1975.

**The Special Silver Ghia.** Pictured above is the Mustang II Ghia with optional Silver Luxury Group.


The body lines flow gracefully over a rich

silver metallic finish. Note, too, the classic half vinyl roof, opera windows and the dramatic moon-roof option.

The interior: body-contoured bucket seats in rich cranberry crushed velour; thick carpeting, even carpeting in the trunk; an instrument panel framed in burlled walnut woodtone trim; tachometer; a quartz crystal digital clock.

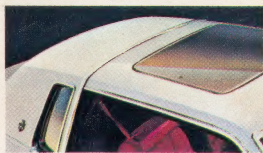
**Impressive List of Standard Features.** The entire Mustang II family, comes with a 4-speed transmission, front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, gas-saving steel-belted radials and solid state ignition, standard.

## More Exciting Choices Than Ever.

 This year, you can personalize your Mustang II

Ghia with an optional spirited 302 V-8, 2.8 Liter V-6 or the standard overhead cam 2.3 Liter 4.

Look close at Ford Mustang II for '75. Ghia, 2-door hardtop, 3-door 2+2 and Mach 1. Ford's small personal luxury cars. See them at your local Ford Dealer.

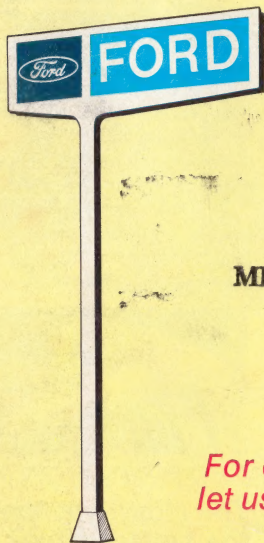


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The closer you look, the better we look.

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